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A

PARAPHRASE

OR

Poetical Expoſition

OF

The Thirteenth CHAPTER

Of the FIRST BOOK

OF

St. PAUL's EPISTLES

TO THE

CORINTHIANS.

By CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, Eſq.

Though I ſpeak with the tongues of Men, and of Angels, and have not Charity, I am become as ſounding Braſs, or a tinkling Cymbal.——I. Cor. Chap. 13. Verſe 1.

LONDON:

Printed for J. DODSLEY, Pall-Mall.

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OF

The Thirteenth CHAPTER

OF THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF

St. PAUL *to the* CORINTHIANS.

By CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, LL.B.

Through Peace with the Insignia of Mars, and of Angels, and Have not Charity, I am become as founding Brass, or a tinkling Cymbal.——1. Cor. Chap. 13. Verse 1.

LONDON:

Printed for J. DODSLEY, Pall-Mall.

To The QUEEN,

The following Poem,

written in Praiſe of the ſublimeſt

of all Chriſtian Virtues,

in the Practice of which

Her MAJESTY

exhibits ſo bright and amiable an Example,

is with all Duty and Reſpect

inſcribed

by

Her MAJESTY's

moſt devoted,

and moſt Obedient

humble Servant,

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

BATH, *Jan.* 1ſt, 1779.

To The QUEEN.

The following Poem,

Written in Praise of the Sublime

Of the Prudent and Virtuous

Mr. HAYES'S

most devoted,

and most Obedient

Humble Servant,

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

BATH, Jan. 16, 1775.

A

PARAPHRASE, &c.

I. CORINTHIANS. Chap. 13.

Verſe 1.—Though I ſpeak with the tongues of [1]Men, and of [2]Angels, and have not Charity, I am become as [3]ſounding Braſs, or a [4]tinkling Cymbal.

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1. HAD it pleas'd Him, from whom all Wiſdom flows,
Him, who each good, each perfect gift beſtows,
With Knowledge to exalt my feeble mind,
Bright[1] as e'er ſhed its luſtre on mankind;
Though on my lips perſuaſive accents hung,
Soft[2] as the muſic of an Angel's tongue,
Still ſhould I languiſh, ſtill my ſoul deſpair,
Wert Thou, ſweet Charity, a ſtranger there;
Vain were my voice, as ſounding Braſs[3] that rings
To deeds of Heroes, or the pomp of Kings,
Vain as the tinkling Cymbal,[4] that diſplays
Man's gaudy pride——but not th' Almighty's praiſe.——

Verſe 2.—And though I have the [5]gift of Prophecy, and underſtand all Myſteries, and all Knowledge; [6]and though I have all Faith, ſo that I could remove mountains, and have not Charity, [7]I am nothing.

Verſe 3.—And[8] though I beſtow all my goods to feed the poor, and though[9] I give my body to be burned, and have not Charity, [10]it profiteth me nothing.

---

2. Could I in [5]various languages expound
All ſubtile texts, all myſteries profound,
Could I by [6]Faith the ſolid rocks diſplace,
And make the mountains tremble from their Baſe,
Still, in my breaſt ſhouldſt thou refuſe to reign,
My[7] Faith were fruitleſs, and my Knowledge vain.

3. Though the rich produce of my wordly ſtore
In[8] alms profuſe, I laviſh on the poor,
Yet all unmov'd their mournful tales can hear,
Nor for their ſufferings drop one ſilent tear;
If ne'er from Godlike Pity's ſacred ſource
My bounty flow, nor Heav'n direct its courſe,
If vanity provoke the generous deed—
Mean is the Gift, and ſmall will be its meed;
Though to a [1]Martyr's glory I aſpire,
And ſeek my triumphs in the torturing fire,
Firm and undaunted to my lateſt breath
Brave the ſlow flame, and court the ling'ring death;
If thy ſweet virtues from my ſoul depart,
Thy Chriſtian Love be foreign from my heart,
He beſt can tell, who all our thoughts ſurveys,
How[10] vain the boaſt, the profit, and the praiſe.

Verſe 4.—Charity[11] ſuffereth long, and is [12]kind; Charity [13]envieth not; Charity [14]vaunteth not itſelf; is not puffed up.

Verſe 5.—Doth[15] not behave itſelf unſeemly, [16]ſeeketh not her own, [17]is not eaſily provoked, [18]thinketh no Evil.

---

4. Tis thine the raging paſſions to controul,
To calm, to ſtrengthen, and confirm the ſoul,
Teach[11] ſlighted worth with patience to ſuſtain
The pow'rful Man's neglect, the fool's diſdain,
Th' ungrateful friend's revolt; or keener pang
(Keen as the bearded ſteel, or ſerpent's fang,)
That waits (too oft' alaſs!) the perjur'd vow,
And loſt Affection's cold and ſcornful brow:
The[12] ſilent Eloquence of Kindneſs meek
Beams from thine eyes, and mantles in thy cheek;
From[13] Envy free and [14]Pride's oe'rbearing ſway
Thou tak'ſt thy mild and inoffenſive way;

5. Grace[15] in thy geſtures and thy looks is ſeen,
Gentle thy words, and courteous is thy mien,
Thou[16] ſcorn'ſt to caſt the proud indignant frown
On other's merits, or to boaſt thine own,
Oe'r[17] Anger, Hatred, or Revenge to brood,
Record[18] the evil, and forget the good;

Verſe 6.—Rejoiceth[19] not in Iniquity, but rejoiceth in the [20]Truth:

Verſe 7.—Beareth[21] all things, [22]believeth all things, hopeth[23] all things, [24]endureth all things.

Verſe 8.—Charity never faileth: but whether there be Prophecies,[25] they ſhall fail; whether there be tongues,[26] they ſhall ceaſe; whether there be Knowledge,[27] it ſhall vaniſh away.

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6. Or ought, that can thy neighbour's peace deſtroy,
Make[19] the baſe ſubject of thy barbarous joy;
If juſt the cenſure that affects his fame,
Tis thine to pity, not increaſe his ſhame,
If falſe the charge, thy ſoul can know no reſt,
Till [20]Truth appear, and heal his wounded breaſt:

7. Forbearing[21] all, and truſting ſtill to find
Some virtues 'mid the failings of Mankind,
Thou o'er their faults canſt draw the friendly veil,
The[22] better part believe, the worſe conceal,
Still[23] hope that Time their frailties may remove,
And[24] wait the hour with Patience and with Love.

8. Doctrines ſhall ceaſe, and [25]Inſpiration fail,
The [26]Gift of languages no more prevail,
Knowledge[27] ſhall fade away; but thou ſhalt bloom,
Thy graces flouriſh in the life to come.

Verſe 9.—For we[28] know in part, and we[29] propheſy in part.

Verſe 10.—But when that which is[30] perfect is come, then[31] that which is in part[32] ſhall be done away.

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9. Ah! what are all the boaſted pow'rs of Man
But Emblems of his own contracted ſpan?
In [28]part alone he knows, in part is given
Wiſdom[29] to teach, and lead the way to Heaven,
10. To Heav'ns bleſt regions,[30] where perfection reigns,
And Knowledge abſolute her throne maintains;
There when the ſoul, in ſearch of purer day,
Loos'd from mortality's impris'ning clay
Shall ſwifter than the forked lightning dart,
His[31] vain attainments ſhall like ſhades depart,
And Viſion infinite of Truths divine
That far beyond his weak conception ſhine,
Drown[32] the faint glimmerings of his mental rays
In one all-pow'rful and immortal blaze.
So when the night around th' etherial fields
In clouded ſtate her ebon ſceptre wields,
Millions of orbs amid the ſtarry Zone
With glittering gems adorn her ſable throne;
But when, the world's bright lamp, the golden ſun
Burſts from the Eaſt his glorious courſe to run,
Loſt in th' effulgence of his radiant fire
Thoſe feeble miniſters of Light expire.

Verſe 11.—When I was[33] a Child, I ſpake as a Child, I underſtood[34] as a Child, I thought as a Child; but when[35] I became a Man, I put away childiſh things.

Verſe 12.—For[36] now we ſee through a Glaſs darkly; but then[37] face to face: now I know in part; but[38] then ſhall I know even as alſo I am known.

---

11. In Life's[33] firſt ſpring, in Childhood's playful age,
What trifles charm, what idle cares engage!
How [34]narrow, how confus'd the ſenſe appears,
Till reaſon dawn, and light our riper years!
Tis then[35] with judgment and diſcretion fraught
We ſlight the objects of our infant thought;
Chang'd is each paſſion, each deſire, and aim,
No more our actions, or our words the ſame;
12. Yet greater ſtill the change, that ſhall tranſlate
Man from his earthly to his heav'nly ſtate,
From [36] partial Knowledge ſhall his ſoul redeem,
And clear from doubts his intellectual beam,
Caſt the dark glaſs away that dims his ſight,
And gild his proſpect with celeſtial Light,
Bear him beyond the follies, and the ſtrife,
And painful pleaſures of this ſinful life.——

——Oh glorious change! that ſhall ſuch Light diſplay,*
And ope one perfect and eternal day!
Where[37] in th' Almighty's preſence we ſhall ſhine,
See, and adore his attributes divine,
His Pow'r, his Wiſdom, and his Mercy own,
And [38]Him ſhall know——as we ourſelves are known!

* For with thee is the Well of Life, and in thy Light ſhall we ſee Light. *Pſal.* xxxvi. V. 9.

Verſe 13.—And now abideth[39] Faith, Hope, Charity, theſe three;[40] but the greateſt of theſe is Charity.

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13. Whilſt in theſe gloomy vales of Life we ſtray,
Hope[39] cheers our ſouls, and Faith directs our way;
But when to yon bright realms of joy we ſoar,
Faith ſhall expire, and Hope be known no more:
Faith ſhall be loſt in Certainty's Abyſs,
And Hope abſorb'd in everlaſting Bliſs;
But[40] Thee, Thou faireſt Grace, nor death, nor doom,
Nor ever-rolling ages ſhall conſume,
Thou with congenial ſpirits mix'd above
Shalt fill all Heav'n with Harmony and Love;
In ſplendor ſeen, and full perfection known
Thy ſtation fix by God's eternal throne;
There with compaſſion all our errors ſcan,
And plead the cauſe of frail and ſinful Man.

THE END.

Verse 13.—And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity.